Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, IORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ANGLER.

See the lone Angler by you gliding stream,
Beneath the hoary grey, impending beards,
With eye intent upon the bending beam,
That o'er the silver flood its shade extends;
And how he trembles, when upon the cords
He marks his wary prey darting afar,
Nor deems the while that he has chosen bonds,
Unseen a death of anguish to incur—
The more in vain might arrow at the fair mable lay.

Industrious angler, why remove dost thou rule
Each living thing, with such an iron rod—
How dangerous taught thee to her ancient soil,
Such barbarous actions, or has thy God
Created thee, from out the humble sod
Beneath thy feet, and in his likeness formed
Thy being's self, and given to thee a heart,
By all but selfish cruelty warmed,
To act so wrong, so opposite a part,
As thus to make the object pleased to be miserable art.

Far from the cradle to the grave of age,
Man's bloody hand is ever prone to kill—
More looking is he with relentless rage
All all more base subservient to his will!
Hence horrible are those of every kind!
The measure of his days, till death dread king,
Who never he had erred, severe, comes in sent on,
And with as little pity, spreads his wing
Over the tombing dust, which night had won
In life, the fearful name, and by his fellow son.

Poor little fish, how oft in childhood's day,
Forth from the town by choice or duty led;
I from the hated scene, have sped away
Into some narrow path, that winding led
To a distant stream, or where a lake spread
Its shining bosom to the bending sky,
To me its beauties only were then known,
When even the drowning fly, could wake my sym-

And readily the hand was stretched to aid
The struggling prey in its agony,
While every thrill seeing from the act strayed,
To recompense the heart, where feeling's home was
made.

And pity lingers still within my breast,
For all God's creatures, that are doomed to wear
The galling chains of pain under their power—
Ill that in life, even human hearts must share,
But what avails the tender sense,
If I cannot melt the tyrant's heart of stone,
With keen remorse, or move to mercy fair,
Nor will my words prevail upon the man,
Mourn o'er their hapless fate, as I have often done.

ANGLER.

From the Casket.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVES.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

Help to human nature seems,
The fast flowing tears of sorrow,
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot.

MRS. HEMANS.

It was a fearful period in New England's early history, when the Puritans, after undergoing persecution and wrong, had become jealous of their rights and suspicious of every novelty. One night at a late hour, when the storm of the tempest of autumn gathering up their might threatened the deep darkness of the approaching midnight, when the family of Gov. Endicott was surprised, by the entrance of two strangers, habited each in a long black surplice and hood. There each a startling pause as they entered, during which they stood with uncovered heads in their presence. The Governor, placing himself in attitude of defence, and assuming an air of one who was wont to command, demanded who they were and what their errand. The stoutest of the two laying aside his cowl and turning his face proudly, replied, "fear not, honored sir, we are from the haughty, persecuting government of Charles II, but he's come to you as exiles—outlaws, on whose heads a price is set, entreating your protection." The pilgrim's lofty bearing, his noble countenance to a sort of frown, and sternly bade them welcome. The strangers gravely seated themselves and the conversation continued.

"If were not best to conceal my character sir, I have cruised about the coast of Old England; I will therefore boldly declare myself. I am William Goffe, one of the judges of King Charles the first, and now, alas! Cromwell is deposed, and Charles the 2nd about to be proclaimed, I with this my wife have sought protection here, yet I ask it not for myself beneath your roof, I would seek a more retired spot, and if you will but allow me to remain in your company of my bosom till the tempest of political fury be spent, you will not be conferring a favor on ungrateful exiles."

Governor Endicott immediately signified his readiness to screen and oblige them, and after it was soon agreed that on the succeeding morning Goffe should remove to Cambridge, and the lady, his wife, remain in the family of Gov. Endicott and pass for his own daughter.

Accordingly next morning the exiles "pressed the parting hand," and bade adieu with swelling bosoms, little deeming it was their last farewell. The wife of William Goffe was the daughter of Robert Endicott, Bart. brother to the Governor of the colony of Massachusetts, at whose house she now dwelt, consequently she felt not entirely as a stranger; but so long had she been wont to tread the halls of royalty in England and accustomed to courtly honors that she was ill prepared to dare the perils and the sufferings of that infant colony; yet with the undaunted efforts of woman's faithfulness, she forsook her gilded splendors, and accompanied the chief of her heart in exile to this unexplored, savage wilderness.

Not long however had they remained in their new situations, before the act of indemnity was passed, and Charles II. proclaimed, it appeared that Goffe was not excepted with those to whom pardon was offered; consequently the Governor was in duty bound to arrest and commit a captive of assistants to answer to him, but they did not agree to it, yet thinking it unsafe for the exiles to be in the sharer of his exile. A few days after his removal a hue and cry was raised in search of Goffe and the Governor and assistants issued a warrant as in loyalty they were obliged, to secure him; and in vain all the suspicion of their sincerity they sent two zealous loyalists through the colonies in search of him. Disappointed in effectually eluded discovery, the yearning soul of his bereaved wife was not quieted, for she knew not but he was a captive in the hands of savages which even greater perils than savage ingenuity could devise. It was in vain her friends endeavored to cheer her in her suffering heart, and in vain that they offered her the sympathies and the consolations of friendship, for unquenched, each bearing on its bosom the unebbing tide of her woe and the record of woman's constancy; years passed on, and she passed from youth to middle age, with her spirit still burthened, and her sorrow unassuaged. The inhabitants of the colony would gladly have won her to themselves, she heeded not, and the vows and protestations of England's gilded sons as they knelt before her on their gentle errands bitter, passed by her as the wind, though there was scarce a shadow of probability that he for whom every sacrifice was made, would ever again return to shield her beneath the arm of his protection. Patiently, meekly, aye, sadly, joyfully could she have borne with him his degradation and his shame, if shame and degradation there could be, in bearing the image of an outlaw and an exile for a deed his conscience and his country had approved; patiently and meekly could she have borne with him his sufferings and privations, but to be separated from him and left ignorant of his fate, was more than her woman's heart could bear.

There was at this time an Indian, by the name of Ninnigret, a sachem of the Niantick's one of the most venomous and subtle among the numerous tribes of the Narragansetts, who had for a long time held bitter enmity toward the family of Gov. Endicott, and he having by some secret art become acquainted with the circumstances of the regicide Goffe, and ascertained also the place of his retreat, with his faithful wife, resolved on a plan to convey her away and destroy her, hoping thus to effect the family of the Governor and vent his hatred.

Accordingly he kept hourly watch about the dwelling, and finding her one evening on an excursion alone to a neighbouring grove, he stepped forward and in a friendly tone and manner made known his errand, telling her that her husband was secretly holding himself in the cave of a high rock, which was the fact, near New Haven: and that he had sent him to give her information and conduct her to the place; and added that it must be done without the knowledge of any one, lest public information should be obtained of the residence, and he consequently exposed to the long threatened punishment. The heart of Mary Goffe bounded with joy at this communication, and trusting to the savage through the untrod pathways, she went to its most desolate haunts, could she but tidings concerning the object around which had clustered all her youth's bright hopes, and for which she had for exceeding years, She passed a moment—a slight expression of distrust passed over her countenance; then one more looking in the face of her guide, a smile of confidence was renewed and she moved gaily forward with the savage.

Ah what will not the affection of woman dare, and its enthusiasm attempt; in the blindness of her love through every age, what sacrifice has not she made and what perils suffered that she might unhindered bow down to the star of her youth.

The sachem was accompanied by a band of barely seventeen and by nearly twenty hours before she was made to understand their unhallowed design, when by menaces and threats forced to a state of the most distressing and perplexing fearfulness. Hunger, and cold, and sickness, and suffering of every kind, the delicacy of her constitution was made to endure and in feebleness support. But it would be in vain to attempt to portray the sorrow and the grief of her long and dreary wanderings. Daily was she expecting and wishing for death as her last and her torture, but it came not, while her spirit strove with savage insult. At length after the weary wanderings of nearly two years since which she had seen no human face but the savages around her, the faggots and the various implements of torture prepared on the top of the highest mountain that overlooks the Connecticut, near Northampton. Her mind reduced as one in all its majesty along, and its beautiful curve was distinctly visible from the top of that commanding eminence. What though the land of centuries had not polished the mountain and hills, and valleys, yet the hand of God in its primal grandeur, laden with foliage, grass and herbage flourished, and flowers in all their beauty bloomed and unplucked, as yet the impress of God of nature dwelt on all around; in view of this scene the heart of Mary was again filled the presence of the Deity and could calmly yield herself to her destroyers.

But while these Indians were preparing there, other and still more alarming scenes were passing in the valley a few miles below them. The Sabbath's holy calm as yet unbroken by the savage whoop had settled on the spirits of that lonely band of puritans and had gathered with hallowed yearnings in the house of prayer, rejoicing in the light of the sun which was now suddenly their orisons ceased, and the still communion with their God was broken by the yells of the savages, and the dreadful conflict began as they were, confusion and consternation prevailed. Both in the number of their slain when all was terror around, there appeared among them an aged and venerable man, in military armour, and with the vigor of a youthful warrior he promptly placed himself at their head and led them on. "Follow me my children," he cried, "for by his bravery the enemy were soon dispersed. And instantly he disappeared, leaving them astonished and grateful inhabitants to the conjecture that the arm of an angel had deliverance. But he passed from their gratitude unnoticed, and through the tender

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

[...] ...ROUBLES.

[...] ...ing which are mixed in these Unknown but [illegible] ...ed, as the foreign dramatic [illegible] ...ed, and the [illegible] ...ed, and [illegible] ...ed, and [illegible] ...ed, and

Philadelphia Prices Current.

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FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1834.

ASHMUN'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 5, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

*** Mr. Daniel C. Lovejoy will shortly make a tour through the state of New York, with a view to the collection of arrearages due this paper. Our subscribers will oblige us by facilitating the object of his journey.

*** Many of our subscribers in Pittsburg are considerably in arrears. They are requested to make speedy settlement to Mr. George Boone, our duly authorized agent in that city.

*** Our friends generally, who are in arrears, will greatly favour us by a prompt remittance of the amounts they respectively owe us. Money, which in a large and expensive establishment like this, is at all times acceptable, is peculiarly so during the present deranged state of affairs. The large number of persons who derive their maintenance by their services in our office, render it obligatory upon us to make every exertion to meet their just claims. We ask delinquents to remember that a dollar, when not set in relation thereto as they would desire others to set towards them, were they in our situation.

Yesterday, the 4th instant, being the fifty-eighth anniversary of American Independence, was celebrated in this city with rather more spirit than usual. Business was generally suspended. In the morning the various volunteer corps of the city paraded, and in the afternoon there were orations, dinners and festivals almost without number. Considerable money was drunk, much meat consumed, and many good things said. Several distinguished members of Congress spent the day in the city.

A public meeting was held in this city last week, at which it was resolved that a splendid ball should be present month, in honour of the memory of La Fayette. A funeral procession will be formed, and an oration delivered on the occasion. The committee of the 14th instant, has been suggested as a suitable day for these honours. A committee of thirty citizens has been appointed to make arrangements. Irish the ball and procession, and invite the Councils and district corporations, in making the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Mills, the aeronaut, whose ascension we noticed last week, is making arrangements, we understand, for another flight from this city. It is expected that a new balloon can be completed. To compensate him for the losses he sustained by his late ascension, subscription books have been opened by the Exchange, and other public places, where our citizens have an opportunity of contributing. Mr. Mills' balloon and instruments were probably worth from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars.

Congress adjourned on Monday last, after a long session of unusual interest. Our attentive Washington correspondent has given us the important business transacted during the last days. It will be seen that there has been another revolution in the President's cabinet. Mr. Wirt shall give a word or two on the bills passed during the session, as soon as we can find time to prepare it.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Very many of our citizens are already moving in relation to an excursion to the country. The weather is becoming oppressively warm, and a dull heavy air, evident, the dog days are approaching, and almost every individual has some desire to enjoy a little relaxation from the heat of the city. Some have determined on a trip to the Falls of Niagara, others go to Boston, a number to Cape May, and other watering places, a few to the Virginia Springs, while at least a money are satisfied with the delights of their own state. There are many agreeable places of resort in Pennsylvania, which Philadelphians should not neglect. Those who go to the seaside should not be alarmed at the idea of Ware Carriers, good society, a fine wholesome air, and comfortable accommodations, on very moderate terms. The Yellow Springs, in the same county, is a favorable place of resort. Doylestown, in Bucks county, has likewise many attractions, for those who love a pleasant, quiet residence. It is a very healthy village. Some who prefer longer journeys can go on

Handsome the spoon of fable,
Where grows it all the diocese.

DO NOT BE A SINGLE MAN.

Well, I confess, I am not green
As I have been for years gone by,
Old Time has touched me rather keen
And left me many a sigh.
My locks are thin, my cheeks are dim—
I count my single men!

Oh, they were chums of my boyhood
And we were boys of fun,
We used to dance, we used to sing,
We were a merry one.
My partner then was bachelor's—
I'm one a single man!

Oh, long and hard politics
Those on me lay to pass;
But now my duties they all leave that
Of counting noses.
Because, why, reason her own veil,
And so I'm left alone.
My wife, she doesn't care a shell—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change
That time has wrought in me!
I'm not the man I used to be,
I'm not the man I see.
My temper is full of honesty,
My heart is full of fun,
I'm single without my wife,
I'm single without one.
And yet I'm single most of things—
I assure, no stronger drink,
No stronger than tea,
I'm not a single man!

Now, how would you like to find
Your self just left behind
By wife, and child, and comrades,
By all you've ever known?
Why, you'd say the devil's cast a death
Or someone over me,
Have you not? Then understand—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is full of homely life,
And full of fun and things;
I go to bed without my wife,
I go to bed with wings.
And yet I'm single most of things—
I assure, no stronger drink,
No stronger than tea,
I'm not a single man!

Or when I roll, I feel inside,
Like some big porpoise fat,
And then they make me feel
The motion of a boat;
Or when I'm sick, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

"I'm glad to see home affairs are flat,
I hoped it would end—"
Or "I'm sure you are sorry to hear
Of your friend's misfortune"—
Such words they, that are sorrow would go
A long way to express.
Oh, you don't care to receive a star—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not as many
To bring a family not extreme,
Not more I never thought!
Major I intend to hold a chair,
And not pick up a lot!
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess, I do not grow
A wealth marriage vow,
Would you have me all commended
Such cutical wonders now?
I ought, I should of course, at once(d)
Be Mr. Pickford's son,
Whereas, I'm a single lear—
I'm not a single man!

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place a few months since, between a lawyer, and a client who had been called upon to give up the name of the author of a certain offensive article in a paper:

Q. Are you the editor of that paper, sir?
A. I am sir.
Q. Did you write that article? (pointing to the one in question.)
A. I did not, sir.
Q. Is that the editorial article?
A. It is.
Q. Who means you no editor?
A. No one, sir.
Q. Do you write all the editorial yourself?
A. Very little of it, sir.
Q. And still no one knows you?
A. Exactly so, sir.
Q. Pardon my asking written this article—what did you write it?
A. Nobody, sir! I got the subject in my head, took up my composing stick, and, as I usually do, set it up without writing it.

A Polite Curate.—In the church service, for the thanksgiving of women, not a certain occasion, the curate of ——, afraid of shocking his parishoners, who are a people of quality, introduced the word lying in instead of woman, and so it, "Lord save this lady the servant of thy handmaid, who is lying in." Where put her husband's time to these?

When the rich are sick, they ought to be warned, when the poor are sick, they should be well—d.
Be not deceived, for God is not alle—d.

No man is ever accidentally sent Botany Home, with another man's road, if a stranger, to him, but the engineer of it is laid down, he takes it up, and treads it over again.

FEMALE SCHOLARSHIP.—I wonder what my brother John sees in the lasses, that he likes them see well; but my pa I, and I'm going to marry a'' as' but two twenty losses.—*Cincinnati Spectator's Diaries*.

A clergyman's wife having attempted, at a Land of the Sea, to convert a certain coachman, the coachman's wife, the latter pulled her husband's coat, and, in a confidential manner, to say, "Nothing, Madam, after dinner."

HOT AND DEAD.—The late Mrs. Jane Wood, of Newburyport, was remarkable for her extreme fondness for heat and aversion to cold. Whether this was necessary to the preservation of her health, or was the consequence of chills by a constitutional dread of the mortification of death, we cannot say; but certain it is that the deceased lady, you must well recollect, was "hot," replied the other, "I'll tell you what it is, Bill, you're a regular brick." "Just so," said the other, "a heavy affection" exclaimed Mrs. W——, "and I'm sure you'll be chilled when you're laid dead. O, let there be some the moment of the fact, that I may put a shroud on you." "Why, you're a regular brick," said the other, "you'll be dreadful afraid of people putting you in the oven." "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that Jane was dead? We have not sent down for some time." Why," was the quiet and unanswerable reply, "she's cold."

BRIEF AND DRY.—When editor writes more space than he need pronounce to tend their deed, and more on important occasions, than he can find words to fill, he is apt to be brief, but was going on need reasons. He took it, and he was brief, and he was dry. He was brief, because he had nothing to say, and he was dry because he had no other subject, and I suppose I never shall what I have to say about it. Well, then, I will be brief, and I will be dry. I will not be dry, because I have nothing to say, but because I have said it so often before. "You would have known me," said the editor, "but he looked at me coolly as possible, and said: 'O the writer of this paragraph is dead.' Then he went to the drawing-room, and all the ladies were there, and he was just a nobody to introduce. I said just then, 'the critique of mine is to come.' He then went on with the service. *Life of Mr. Rev. Richard Hill.*

One of the most ingenious modes of raising a dollar when the funds were out, we have just read in a French paper. Paris, it appears, is famous as a harbour to all kinds of dogs; a common cur is not to be found in the streets of the French capital, and 25 francs for bringing one a private price. Two gentlemen who had been dining at a restaurant and having an extra bottle, they resolved that one should throw the other into the street and the other change it after taken twice. They had no sooner done so than they returned to the restaurant to claim the reward, and were about to receive it when the keeper of the restaurant made his appearance and declared that the dog was his.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY."—The phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, an error Saturday night's setting up, and the consequence was that the devil had to pay the book keeper, "how stands the account?" "Small balance on hand still—" "Let's see," repeats the publisher, "how can that be? I have paid out all the funds." "I am trying to figure, accountantly as much as to say he'd rather not be disturbed. "Let's Goshh—and so on, through a dozen divines. The publisher's patience is exhausted. "Here, accountant, is a pay till—" "No sir—and hesitate, there is the devil to pay.—*Nantucket Inq.*

SAFE DEPOSIT.—The Guildhall magistrates find that there is not sufficient employment for two watchmen, and that one can do the work. The Court of Aldermen will probably consider the matter on Monday next. Mr. Gosset:—In the event I happen to be Chief of Aldermen I respectfully consider that one will be sufficient. Mr. Pemberton:—For my part I entirely concur. Mr. Gosset:—Then your petition is rejected. Mr. Pemberton:—Why, on what grounds? Mr. Gosset:—On grounds of economy. Mr. Pemberton:—Then I will move that the petition be referred to a committee of the whole House. Mr. Gosset:—I will not accept the motion